

"Join Us"

The **American Weekly**

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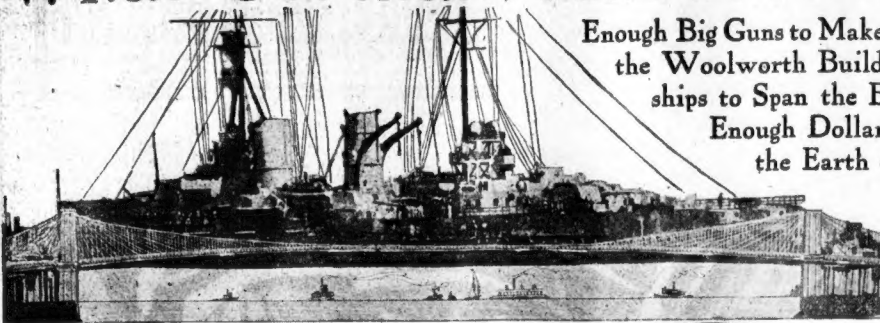
Howard Chandler Christy

Dedicated to the
American Red Cross
Christmas Roll Call



What Germany Has Surrendered

Enough Big Guns to Make a Cannon Larger Than the Woolworth Building, Enough Battleships to Span the East River, N.Y., Enough Dollars to Encircle the Earth 4½ Times



Germany Surrenders 16 Battleships and Battle Cruisers, 6 Light Cruisers and 50 Destroyers. These Ships Combined Into a Single One Would Make a Battleship 1,735 Feet Long, 281 Feet Broad and 310 Feet High. This Would Completely Block Up New York's East River, the Distance Between the Piers of the Brooklyn Bridge Being Only 1,600 Feet.

It will be useful and instructive to many Americans to see visualized before them the actual amount of property that Germany surrendered under the peace armistice.

Many citizens have expressed the view that Germany got off very easily, that she should have been hammered until she surrendered unconditionally, and that her cities should have been devastated like those of France and Belgium. It is not the purpose of this article to combat those views, but it is believed that those who like to discuss these exciting topics will be pleased to have the facts put before them in convenient pictorial form.

For this purpose a distinguished statistical expert has been engaged to estimate the exact bulk of the ships, guns and other property surrendered by Germany and his calculations have been turned into picture form.

Have you stopped to think that Germany gave up 5,000 locomotives and what else? That is just the number of locomotives produced last year by our great manufacturing companies, and we are the largest locomotive-making country. There was good reason for making the Germans surrender this number, for that was about the total they stashed from the French.

The Germans seized all the locomotives and rolling stock of the railways in Northern France. They represented the accumulations of many years by the French railroads. The Germans used them until they were worn out or shot to pieces.

How big would all these locomotives be if they were piled into one? Assume that each locomotive was 70 feet long, 12 feet high and 6 feet 8 inches in width. The resulting combination of all these locomotives would be 1,135 feet long, 295 feet high and 114 feet wide.

If the 5,000 locomotives were placed end to end they would make a line over sixteen miles long.

The armistice terms also provide that the Germans should give up 150,000 railway cars. What sort of a giant car would that make? The average European railway car measures sixty feet long, twelve feet high and six feet eight inches in diameter. The resulting giant railway car would be 3,185 feet long, 638 feet high and 354 feet wide.

That car would carry the whole passenger section of New York from the Municipal Building to a point below Wall Street.

If the 150,000 cars were placed end to end, instead of being made into one big one, they would stretch along 107 miles of track.

Those 150,000 cars could contain 15,000,000 tons of food. Now perhaps we can understand why the German representatives, even though they were hopelessly beaten, murmured against some of the terms as being impossible. Germany did Dr. Solf, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, tried to make himself strong with the German people by protesting to President Wilson that this provision would bring famine to millions of Germans.

Food is, of course, of little value unless it can be carried to the centers of population. The loss of 150,000 railway cars may mean that a good many Germans must go without the scanty supply of Frankfurters and sauerkraut and other delicacies they have been receiving for the past four years.

But the Germans had no mercy on the other countries when they attacked them by surprise. The Allies are still suffering severe food shortages on account of the shipping and railroad equipment taken or destroyed by the Germans. It is curious that people should protest against treatment for themselves which they recently inflicted on others.

The armistice provided that the Germans should give up 5,000 guns, and of them being heavy and half of them smaller caliber guns. The expert has calculated that if all these 5,000 guns were combined into

one they would make a gun 906 feet long and eighteen feet across the bore.

Such a gun would be one-quarter as high again as New York's Woolworth Building, the highest building in the world.

The average weight of these guns was nine tons per gun, which would give a total weight of 45,000 tons of steel. The modern gun develops an energy of 151 foottons of energy per ton of gun. For the 5,000 guns we should then have a total of 35,250,000 foottons of energy.

A foot-ton means the force needed to lift one ton one foot in one second. The 5,000 guns of the Germans exert force enough to lift 115,000,000,000 tons in an hour.

A sixteen-inch gun has been built that shoots seventy-five miles. How far would a gun shoot with a bore of eighteen feet or 108 inches? If this force could be put into practical shape it would land a shell on the planet Mars.

As a matter of cold fact, the Allied representatives had carefully calculated that this was practically all the heavy artillery that had supported the great German army and inflicted such enormous losses on the other side for four and a quarter years. It was ascertained by the Allies that the balance of artillery left to the Germans could be of no possible danger to the Allies.

The Allies, however, were not satisfied with gathering up the big guns. They required the surrender of 25,000 large size machine guns by the Germans. This was a large proportion of the weapons of the type possessed by the latter. They had caused more Allied deaths than any other weapon in German possession.

The most perfect type of machine gun fires 300 bullets a minute. These 25,000 German machine guns, assuming that they were of the latest type, could therefore fire 7,500,000 deadly bullets per minute.

It helps us to understand how many 25,000 machine guns are when we know that the combination gun resulting from all of them would be 117 feet long, 14½ feet broad and 87½ feet high.

The armistice required that Germany should give up sixteen battleships and battle cruisers, eight light cruisers and fifty destroyers.

A composite vessel has been imagined made up from all these. This assumed that the battleships and battle cruisers measure 600 feet long, 87 feet high and 110 feet from water line to top of highest mast; that the light cruisers measure 450 feet long, 90 feet wide and 90 feet from water line to top of highest mast, and that the destroyers measure 300 feet long, 30 feet wide and 50 feet from water line to top of highest mast.

Such a ship would completely block up New York's East River, for the Brooklyn Bridge is only 1,600 feet from pier to pier. It is perhaps more impressive to think that all these ships placed end to end, sixteen battleships and battle cruisers 600 feet long would make 9,600 feet; eight light cruisers 450 feet would make 3,600 feet; and fifty destroyers 300 feet long would make 15,000 feet. This would give a total of 25,450 feet, or



3,000 Aeroplanes Given Up by the Germans Would Make One Great Aeroplanes With 1,124 Feet Wing Spread, 340 Feet Height and 340 Feet Long. This Would Be Half as Long Again as the Capital at Washington, Which is 781 Feet 4 Inches Long.

Germany Surrenders 5,000 Cannon of Large Size. This Would Make One Big Gun 906 Feet Long of 18 Feet Calibre. New York's Woolworth Building, the Highest Building in the World, Is Only 780 Feet High.

4½ miles. But ships at sea require a lot of space between them and one half the German fleet when it surrendered to the British Navy was stretched over a line twenty miles long.

The largest battleships have crews of upward of 1,000 men, the cruisers about 600 men and the destroyers 200 men each. This would give 25,000 men as the total crews of the surrendered German ships.

Clause 19 of the armistice required that Germany should pay reparations for damage done. This has been estimated in Paris at \$50,000,000,000, a very moderate estimate.

This sum in silver dollars would make a pile 112,000 miles high, four and one-half times the earth's equator, and one-half the distance from earth to moon.

If the sum were turned into dollar bills, placed end to end, they would form a line 7,250,000 miles long or about one-eighth the distance from earth to sun. The area of these bills would be 390 square miles, or 249,300 acres.

The armistice required the surrender of 25,000 aeroplanes, which was practically the total equipment in this line of the German Army. This is an item that would require a tremendous amount of room. The aeroplanes on the average measured

seventy-eight feet across the wings, twenty-four feet high and twenty-four feet from front to back.

A giant aeroplane resulting from the combination of all these would make one 1,124 feet across the wings, 340 feet high and 340 feet deep.

When the Allies get the aeroplanes they will have something of real practical value that may have a great effect on the future of the world. It is believed that the great superiority of military aeroplanes now on hand must result in cheapening them and stimulating popular interest in them for sport and travel.

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"Inquiry among French seas above that some hope that civilian aviation will offer satisfactory careers," says one dispatch. "Air mail services plan fifty new lines."

"Army airplanes for sale." "Frontmost man of Baltimore, New York, Chicago and San Francisco have formed an aero club to be established at Lloyd's Neck, L. I." These are a few of the announcements that indicate the coming aviation boom.

The French have issued 16,000 pilot licenses, and others in the French army are eligible; the British have been credited with even more, and the United States has trained them by the thousands. Already

the enthusiasts are talking of distinctively named continental "airways." We have the statement from British sources that a serviceable machine can be produced for \$1,400. Americans ought to make a better figure than this. A cheap aeroplane offers great possibilities of low cost travel. Every man will be his own chauffeur; there will be no tires to replace; gasoline can be saved by a cross-line between two points, and no road-maps need be purchased, while the speeder can sit in secure contempt of police and courts.

We now come to an item in the armistice that is of still more unquestioned commercial value. The Germans were required to surrender 5,000 army motor trucks. It is learned that these motor trucks measured on the average twenty feet long, five feet wide and ten feet high.

The giant army motor truck that would result from the combination of these 5,000 trucks would be 635 feet long, 34½ feet wide and 17½ feet high.

If the 5,000 trucks were placed end to end they would make a line 18½ miles long.

These 5,000 trucks could pull an average load of ten tons, or 50,000 tons altogether. That is twice the weight of a dreadnought battleship. The trucks will be of the greatest value to the nations that receive them, because they are especially needed for building operations in devastated regions.

Of course the Germans surrendered a great deal more than the articles mentioned, and the balance was of infinitely greater value. They surrendered all the territory west of the river Rhine and the principal strategic points east of it. This territory had an area over 20,000 square miles and a population of 11,000,000.

Of the territory surrendered, it is settled that Alsace and Lorraine shall return to France. The disposition of the balance

will be decided at the peace conference. The surrendered territory produced 65 per cent of Germany's mineral wealth, 55 per cent of her manufactures and 10 per cent of her agriculture.

Proceeding from the frontier of the Netherlands as the river ascends to Switzerland there are the Rhine Province of Prussia (Rheinprovinz), Rhenish Hesse (Rheinhesse), belonging to the Grand Duchy of Hesse; the Principality of Birkensfeld, belonging to the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg on the Baltic, but entirely surrounded by Prussia; the Rhenish Palatinate, formerly a part of the Kingdom of Bavaria, but separated from it during the Napoleonic wars, and finally Lorraine and Alsace, known under German domination since 1871 as the Reichsland of Elsaß-Lothringen.

The southern part of the Prussian province includes the great system of military railways which Germany built in preparation for the war from 1909 to 1913, extending from the great traffic and manufacturing centres of the Rhenish Province—Cologne, Aix la Chapelle, Andernach and Lutzerath—within an hour's drive of the Belgian and Luxembourg frontiers. Here were quietly mobilized in the first days of August, 1914, the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Third, Second and Eleventh Infantry Corps for the attack upon Belgium. Their left protected by the Fifth of the Prussian Guard Cavalry.

Even the home of the great Krupp armor, gun and munition works, is on the right bank of the Rhine, twenty miles north of Düsseldorf and is in the neutral zone of the Rhine. The works were seized by the armistice. Before the war the Krupp employed 30,000 hands. Since the war began they have had more than 1,000,000 on their payrolls.

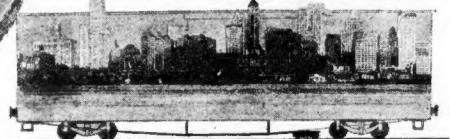
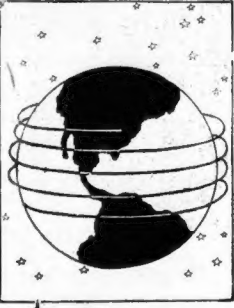
There were also surrendered the great fortresses of Metz in Lorraine and Strasbourg in Alsace. Metz was the greatest fortress ever created, being over thirty miles across in every direction.

The importance of the industrial region of the Prussian Province, and even that of the fortifications of Metz and Strasbourg, is emphasized by the fact that the Moselle region of the Basin of Briey, in Lorraine, which, beginning over the Belgian and Luxembourg frontiers, with an area of 255 square miles, was cut in two by the treaty of Frankfurt, which closed the Franco-Prussian War last year for three months. This iron region is restored to France for good in the treaty.

During the war the Basin de Briey has provided the German armaments with 80 per cent of their steel, and without it the most famous Düsseldorf iron masters, the empire could not have conducted the war for three months. This iron region is restored to France for good in the treaty.

The treaty has a few items in the greatest surrender in all history.

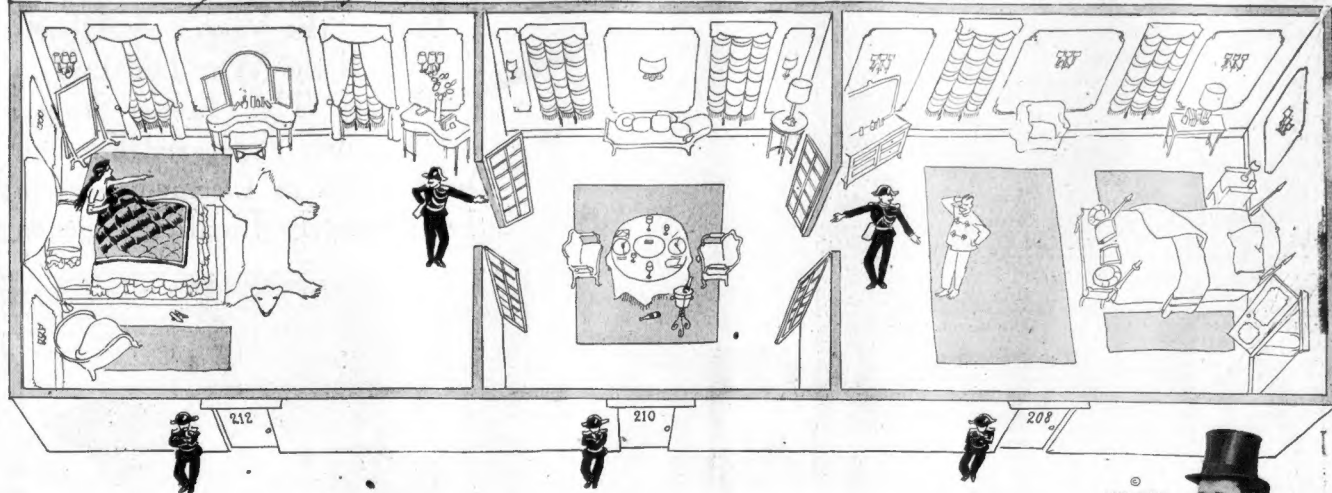
Germany Must Pay \$50,000,000,000 Reparation for Damage Done. This Sum in Silver Dollars Would Make a Pile 112,000 Miles Long, 4½ Times the Distance Around the Earth's Equator, ½ the Distance from Earth to Moon.



150,000 Railway Cars Surrendered by Germany Would Make One Car 3,185 Feet Long, 638 Feet High and 354 Feet Wide. This Car Would Carry Almost the Whole of New York's Sky-scraper Region from the Battery to City Hall Park.



The Mystery of the Dinner Table Set for Two



The One Almost Comic Episode in the Sombre Details of the Frank Gould Divorce Suit Which Has Startled Even Gay Paris

PARIS, Dec. 10. (October 25.)

Two French detectives and a Paris policeman crept silently to the door of a small suite in a quiet hotel not far from the Rue de Rivoli. They knocked.

A dark, romantic looking gentleman cautiously opened the door. He was Don Mario Cassaua, a Spanish grandee of old Mexico. The police pushed past him. A lady loomed into their line of vision. She was Mrs. Frank J. Gould, of New York.

That afternoon in the Correctional Court of Paris, Mr. Frank J. Gould presented the evidence of his detectives. The romantic Mexican—and the New York millionaire's gay wife were adjudged guilty and each of the pair was fined fifty francs—\$10.

Mr. Gould had triumphed. The sordid evidence spread before the Paris police court would be ample to justify the divorce suit Mr. Gould had begun.

But wait!

It is now the early dawn of the next day—6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, October 25, to be exact. A police automobile is moving swiftly down the Rue de la Paix.

M. Georges Vallet, chief of the Detective Bureau of the Paris Prefecture of Police, followed by an assistant and three policemen approach the side entrance of another hotel. With a motion of his hand the great chief commands silence and passing the night watchman the party enters the servants' elevator and emerges on the second floor.

Cautiously they creep down the softly carpeted hall and range themselves before a suite of rooms. Glancing at a diagram in his hand, chief Vallet stations a guard at No. 208, another at No. 210 and one at No. 212. Motioning his assistant to No. 208, the chief himself takes his position at No. 212.

Notwithstanding the pass keys are turned in the locks and, with a thousand apologies for his intrusion, the chief is confronted with a vision of loveliness as a sleek head arises from the pillows in No. 212. It was Mlle. Lacaze, of the Theatre Polite Berge.

And at the same instant in No. 208 the other detective is anxiously faced by a man who leaps from his bed in his pajamas. It was Mr. Frank J. Gould, the New York millionaire.

But what of the room between—Room 210? Turning the knob of the connecting door, chief Vallet peered in. At the same moment the deputy opened the front connecting with Mr. Gould's room.

It is the salon, the parlor, of the suite of rooms separating the two chambers a couched. And in it A dinner table set for two!

Glancing through the open doors the eyes of the beauty in No. 212 meet the eyes of the gentleman in pajamas in No. 208. The detectives turn with inquiring glances from one to the other.

"The gentleman in No. 208? I do not know him," Mlle. Lacaze pouted.

"The lady in No. 212? I have not the honor of her acquaintance," Mr. Gould declared.

"Then how do you explain this dinner table set for two?" the detectives questioned.

"It was for me alone," Mr. Gould replied.

"It was for me alone," came the echo from the vision of beauty in No. 212.

And now has Mr. Frank J. Gould the evidence she needed in her counter suit

for divorce? That is a question which is before the French courts. It all hinges on the mystery of the dinner table set for two.

Thus begins a case celebre which already is the gossip of the boulevards—the Frank J. Gould divorce case.

"It may take months and it may take years to determine," say Mr. Gould's lawyers.

"We are fighting a formidable battle," say Mrs. Gould's attorneys.

"The details of this great cause will probably be still fresh in the courts when the peace terms are forgotten," agree both.

But, of course, the real mystery in the whole affair is that table set for two which is occupying the attention of the French courts.

Fully to realize what a mystery it actually is and how it must be piecing the Correctional Court in its judgment of whether to fine Mr. Gould and Mme. Lacaze fifty francs each just as Mrs. Gould and Senior Cassaua were fined, it is necessary to reconstruct the scene in detail.

Mr. Gould, as everybody knows, is the youngest son of the late Jay Gould. Mr. and Mrs. Gould have been living in Paris—but not living together. In her loneliness desolation in her hotel there came into her life Senior Cassaua, tender, sympathetic and gloriously gallant.

Recently it came to Mrs. Gould's ears that her husband had taken three sumptuously furnished rooms in the rue de la Paix hotel. Ah! this must be looked into. Would Senior Cassaua be so obliging as to find out what was going on? With highly chivalry he undertook the mission.

Senior Don Mario Cassaua, very unhappy over the sorrows of Mrs. Gould—who, it will be remembered, was Edith Kelly, an American musical comedy actress, and the second wife of Frank J. Gould—also took rooms in this hotel to see whether he could not find in Mrs. Gould's actions some solution of Mrs. Gould's troubles.

This was very chivalrous of Senior Don Cassaua, and it turned out that the information gained by Mrs. Gould's knight soon came to hand.

The suit taken by Mr. Gould was numbered 208, 210 and 212. This Senor Cassaua soon found out. And Cassaua was not slow in disclosing that, while Mr. Gould himself lived in room 208, yet room 212, which was separated from room 208 by room 210, was occupied by Mlle. Florence Lacaze, a charming and extremely beautiful and successful under-the-table actress as yet in her twenties. Ah! Senior Cassaua had made a great discovery.

There was an impression about the hotel, the police later found, that room 212 was occupied by "Mrs. Bennett." But, as Mrs. Gould says, this impression was laid down by the authorities to be inaccurate. This mysterious "Mrs. Bennett" would seem to be some sort of camouflage which may be explained when all the facts are developed at the trial.

The dramatic episode which resulted in the finding of Mrs. Gould and Senior Cassaua, the time seemed ready to call Mr. Gould to account. How fortunate that Senior Cassaua already knew all about those matters! Too, because, while the decision of the court in finding her ten dollars might mitigate against her divorce plea if the status remained true, it would not. Mrs. Gould says she was told of a counter charge of a similar nature were sustained against Mr. Gould in the same court; this is French law.

At any rate, in the early hours of Saturday, October 28, M. Georges Vallet, his assistant and the three policemen made their silent way to rooms 208-210-212, as has already been told.

The detective chief looked upon the white naper, the glasses, the silver that decked the table, the places set for two and the indisputable evidence that whoever had used the table had dined very well indeed. Instantly the great detective realized that he was face to face with a profound mystery.

"Oh, that was just set for me," Mr. Gould said to have declared easily. "Just set for me alone. Yes, alone. I dined there last night alone."

"But there are two places set," mused M. Vallet. Again he returned to Mlle. Lacaze's room hoping for a clue.

"The table," he said, pointing. "I must ask you again."

"Why that is the table where I dined last night. Already I have told you!"

"Alone?" queried M. Vallet.

"Alone?" Why, of course, alone," replied the vision among the pillars. "It was set for me alone and I dined there alone. Alone—toute seule!"

"Ah!" gasped M. Vallet. "Quelle enigme! What a mystery. Monsieur Gould dines there alone! You dine there alone! The room is a Mrs. Bennett's! But we find no Mrs. Bennett, unless she is the table. Quel—ce que c'est?"

He departed.

"A mystery indeed!" he reported to Esaming Judge Gilbert, who had fined Mrs. Gould and Don Mario. "Observe the two doors, each opening in the salon and she is there and he is here and the table it is between, and at it they each dine alone! Ah, quelle enigme! Quel mystere! Quel prodige!"

Mr. Gould flatly denied the charges. But Senior Cassaua asserts that during his stay at the hotel he found the servants attending to Mr. Gould's apartments were generally under the impression that Mr. Gould and Mlle. Lacaze were not entire strangers.

Mr. Gould, after Mrs. Gould's allegations were repeated to him, said he had no objection to her statements being made public but refused the formal answer to be to the charges when the case comes on in court. He said he knew nothing definite as to the cause of Senior Cassaua's dismissal from the American Red Cross in Paris. Major Daniel T. Placer, head of the Public Information Department in the A. R. C., said the dismissal was due to unsatisfactory service by Senior Cassaua, and that so far as the American Red Cross was concerned he knew nothing of the Mexican's own explanation, which is to the effect that Mr. Gould's lawyers had privately intervened to have him removed from the Red Cross staff.

Senior Cassaua also intimated that his personal enemies had tried to make it appear as if the American Intelligence Department objected to his being employed by the American Red Cross. He said he was related by blood with politicians, high standing in Mexico and the United States, and that immediately upon his graduation from Princeton University where he studied engineering, he joined the American Ambulance Service in France as a driver. When the United States declared war on Germany several months later he was transferred to the American Red Cross, he says, in spite of warnings from the Mexican Consul in Paris that he would thereby probably forfeit his Mexican citizenship.

Senior Cassaua emphatically states that while he lives on very dear terms with Mrs. Gould he does not live on her money.

"The gentleman in No. 208? I do not know him," Mlle. Lacaze pouted.

"The lady in No. 212? I have not the honor of her acquaintance," Mr. Gould declared.

"Then how do you explain this dinner table set for two," the detectives questioned.

"It was for me alone," Mr. Gould replied.

"It was for me alone," came the echo from the vision of beauty in No. 212.

This Mrs. Gould confirmed, adding that she has no money to throw away for the reason that during the time she spent in France with her husband the latter never gave her any money to throw away.

Unless the Paris Domestic Relations Tribunal reverses the order of the Versailles Tribunal, Mrs. Gould further said, her attorney pending the end of the divorce suit will be 3,000 francs a month instead of the 1,000 francs offered by Mr. Gould's lawyers when a hearing on this subject was held in Versailles the other week.

Another appeal made by Mr. Gould's attorneys to the Paris tribunal has to do with Mrs. Gould's petition to have all of Mr. Gould's personal and immovable possessions in France placed under the court's control pending the issue of the suit. Mrs. Gould claims that under French law, which the divorce suit is being tried, she has a right to have at least one-half of Mr. Gould's possessions in this country assigned to her when she gets the divorce for which she is suing. Mr. Gould's attorneys are fighting this contention on the ground that Mr. Gould's permanent residence is in the United States.

Mr. Gould says that he intends to fight Mrs. Gould's claims in a gentlemanly way, abstaining from what he describes as her method of assistance spreading false allegations about him in Paris society circles. He says he was sorry when he found that the case against her came up in the Tenth Correctional Court at a time when she was ill with an attack of Spanish influenza. He added that the whole trouble between him and his wife resulted from incompatibility of temper.

When asked what she intended to do as to the divorce suit, Mrs. Gould intimated that she would go to the United States and start another suit involving Mr. Gould's American property. Meanwhile, she said, she is busy singing and dancing privately, hoping in this way to help dissipate the worries arising out of the divorce suit in Versailles.

"It was a big mistake on my part," she said. "To have married Frank Gould. I should have known better, seeing that his first wife had to get a divorce from him."



Mr. Frank Jay Gould and Mrs. Frank Jay Gould No. 2—Nee Edith Kelly—Whose Tangled Divorce Suits Are Presenting so Many Unusual Situations.

War Superstitions Which Have Come True

When "the Virgin of Albert"
Fell the War Did End,
When "The Hunger Stone of
the Elbe" Appeared Disaster
Did Happen to Germany--Many
Other Strangely Justified Legends



"The Hunger Stone of the Elbe," Which Appears Above the River Only in Times of Abnormal Drought. Superstition Says That Its Appearance Always Means Disaster for Germany. This Summer It Was Exposed More Than Ever in History. The Inscriptions Date Back to the Year 1417 and the Long Sentence Reads: "When Thou Seest Me, Then Weep."

UNQUESTIONABLY a great number of superstitions or pious beliefs, as you may please to regard them, came true during the late war.

Perhaps the most interesting of all these was the legend concerning "the Hunger Stone of the Elbe." For centuries the German people have believed that whenever this stone showed itself famine or some other great disaster was about to fall on Germany.

In August of this year, just when the German armies were about to collapse and hunger had reached its worst point, the Hunger Stone of the Elbe showed itself higher above the water than it had ever done before.

The notorious stone lies in the bed of the river Elbe, near the town of Tetschen, in the German part of Bohemia. The Elbe is, of course, the principal river of Germany and flows through the heart of the country, although it rises in Bohemia. The locality where the stone is situated is a resort for holiday-makers from Berlin and from other parts of Germany and Austria.

The Hunger Stone is an ominous looking object of gloomy black basalt, situated near the left bank of the river. It is about eight feet high and ten feet across, and is covered all over with inscriptions regarding the dates at which it came in sight and the point to which the waters fell. The most striking of these is an ancient inscription, ornamented with a cross, which reads:

"When thou seest me, weep."
This is believed to have been made in 1417, when the faithful character of the stone was first recognized. In that year a dreadful famine, combined with plague, afflicted Germany, which cost ten million lives out of a comparatively small population.

The stone is not seen above the waters in normal years. Every time it has been exposed, the people say, some distinct and terrible calamity has fallen on Germany.

This Summer the water fell so low that the stone was exposed right down to its base, a portent never before known in history. This fact doubtless played a considerable part in undermining the war resistance of the Germans, who attach great importance to tribal divinities and fetiches.

A strange superstition was favored in the famous wooden image of Marshal Hindenburg. When this German military leader was at the height of his power the people of Berlin set up a colossal wooden statue of him. Every German had the privilege of driving a nail into the marshal at the rate of one mark per nail. The money went to a fund for supplying German soldiers with little comforts. Hundreds of thousands of nails were driven into Hindenburg.

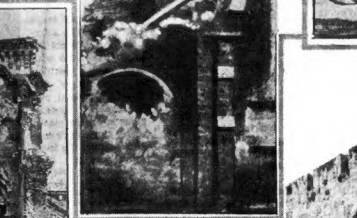
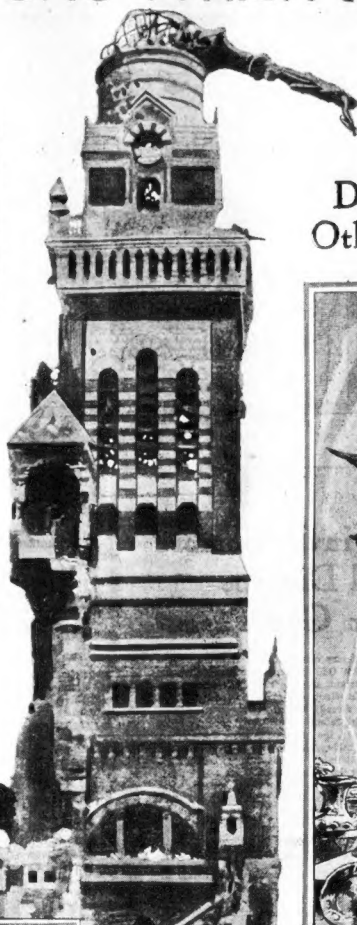
When superstitious persons in the Entente countries heard of this episode they thrilled with delight, for they knew that every nail driven into Hindenburg meant some disaster to him and his plans. From the earliest times in Latin countries it had been a practice to secure a little waxen image of an enemy and stick pins and needles into it. The nails were supplied by witches and magicians, who gave instructions concerning incantations to be uttered while fixing the pins.

The practice prevailed in Italy in ancient Roman times, and has been kept up more or less to the present day. The use of these images was one of the charges upon which the Knights Templars were burnt in 1187.

The judge shuddered on the judgment seat," says a historian, "when the proofs were brought before him in the shape of philtres, amulets, frogs, black cats and waxes images stuck full of needles."

The modern Germans evidently did not know what terrible results could be accomplished by driving nails into a wooden idol. Savagely and industriously they worked away at producing their own ruin.

A war legend of a pleasant kind than any of those is that of "the Virgin of Albert." Albert is an ancient French city with a cathedral, on the high tower of which stood a large statue of the Virgin. When the Germans invaded France in 1914 one of their shells struck the Virgin. She did not fall completely down, but hung at



How the Statue of the Virgin on Albert Cathedral Remained for Four Years as It Was Struck by a German Shell. The French People Believed That When It Fell the War Would End.

In the six lines, written in 1600, there is an amazing forecast of the one-armed Kaiser, the motto of the Prussian army and his disastrous.

The Cathedral Tower Without the Statue, Which Fell in the War's Final Offensive.

The manuscript contains thirty-four paragraphs, all of them showing singular prophetic vision. An example is the following, which speaks of the twenty-two condemnations of Antichrist, the exact number of the subordinate German sovereigns who ruled under the fallen Kaiser:

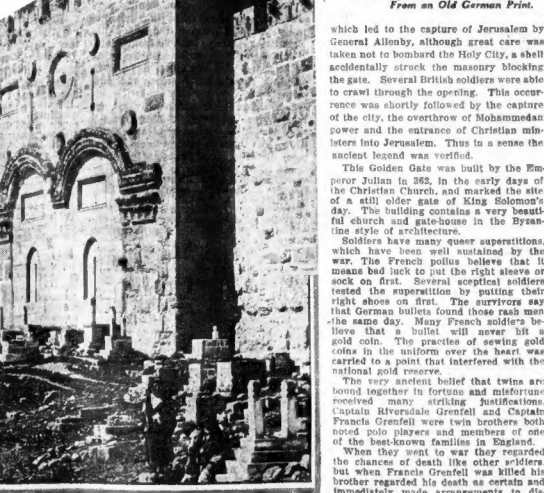
"The Antichrist will lose his crown and die in solitude and madness. His empire will be divided into twenty-two states, not one will have fortress or army or vassals."

Perhaps the most impressive of all the war beliefs is that which relates to the beautiful Golden Gate of Jerusalem. This elaborate structure was completely waited up by the Mohammedans many hundreds of years ago because of a legend that the Saviour would one day return to Jerusalem through this gate and restore the city to Christian rule.

During the recent military operations



The Popular Legend Says That Old Emperor Barbarossa Lies Sleeping in a Mountain Cave. In Germany's Hour of Greatest Peril He Will Awake, His Believers Explain He Did Not Awake Before Her Recent Defeat Because the Loss of William Hohenzollern Was a Blessing for Germany, but If Anarchy Threatens the Country He Will Surely Come Forth. From an Old German Print.



The Golden Gate of Jerusalem Which the Mohammedans Wallied Up Because of Their Belief That the Saviour Would Return Through It. In the Late Siege of Jerusalem a Shell Struck Made a Large Breach in the Wall.

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Exactly What Ails Mr. Roosevelt

How the Little Jungle Tick Bit Him, Deposited Minute Microbes Which He Scratched Into His Skin Bringing on "Relapsing Fever" and How His Various Recent Visits to the Hospital Have Been to Patch Up the Serious Sequels Which Usually Follow Jungle Fever

By Arthur C. Jacobson, M.D.
Associate Editor of the Medical Times.

ALL Americans are greatly concerned about the personal fortunes of Theodore Roosevelt, statesman, explorer, athlete, orator, soldier, journalist, critic, historian, etc., etc., some because they love him, and some for other reasons.

Now, a man's personal fortunes include his health, or lack of it, and in this article we shall confine ourselves to a study of this highly important phase of our subject's life. Mr. Roosevelt's recent sojourn to the Roosevelt Hospital, New York, to receive treatment for sciatitis, has especially excited our interest as to just what ails him and what the chances are of his regaining the vigorous health for which he was formerly famous.

Mr. Roosevelt's frailty and pulmonary troubles as a youth were successfully combated and lived down through the adoption of everything opposed to mollycoddledom, and he became, instead of the milkop that most members of his class would have become in similar circumstances, an exceptionally vigorous man.

It will not be denied that Mr. Roosevelt has been rather prodigal of his acquired vigor in the course of his interesting career, and there is no doubt that in his later years he has been altogether too energetic for his own good. For, however much he may be able to expend by way of energy up to middle life, there are few who can, after that time, continue to seek rivers of Doubt without inviting or expediting physical retribution.

It is safe to say that when Mr. Roosevelt started on his South American tour of exploration he was in fair condition for a man of his age who had lived such a life as his; that is to say, he was a little less physically, a little overweight, a little too high as to blood pressure, and a little below standard as to heart-muscle efficiency. The jungle fever, to which Mr. Roosevelt fell a victim in Brazil, made grave inroads upon his already reduced reserve stock of vitality, and he is suffering today from sequelae of it, which ensued because of the lowering of his resistance, as we shall show very clearly in the course of this article.

Just what was the jungle fever to which Mr. Roosevelt succumbed and which is still, through apparently unrelated but really associated affections, undermining his health and strength?

The disease contracted by Mr. Roosevelt in Brazil is known as relapsing fever. It is an acute infectious disease, characterized by fever of sudden onset, and, after several days, rapid subsidence, which may relapse at intervals of seven days or more as indefinite number of times. It is caused by organisms known as spirochetes, which are present in the blood during the fever and are transmitted from infected to healthy persons through the medium of parasites known as ticks.

Ticks are widely distributed throughout South America. Although small, they are insidious to the naked eye. The female is the blood-sucking member of the tribe—another proof, by the way, that the female of a species is always more deadly than the male! The females are larger than the males, and, when gorged with blood, have been known to reach a length of nearly half an inch. As a rule they are tearfully parasitic and do not live permanently on the body of their host. They possess four pairs of legs and have three regions of the body—head, thorax and abdomen—fused into one mass.

After fertilizing the female, the male tick dies, but the impregnated female seeks a host, at whose expense she proceeds to engorge herself with blood for the development of her eggs.

After becoming enormously distended with blood, she drops off and secretes herself in some convenient hiding place where she deposits her eggs, which number thousands. The egg-laying begins from two to ten days after the host has been quit, and goes on for several days. The eggs are hatched out in two or three weeks.

The tick acts in a more or less mechanical way in transmitting the spirochete. It bites a person already infected with the disease and abstracts the spirochetes with the blood that is sucked out. The spiro-

chetes pass through the tick and are deposited upon the skin of any human being on which the infected tick may subsequently feed. The irritation caused by the bite provokes scratching and consequent inoculation of the deposited spirochetes. The spirochete, in other words, is not introduced by the mouth parts of the tick, as in the case of the malarial-transmitting mosquito.

Opinions differ as to the biology of the spirochete—whether it belongs to the vegetable world, which would class it with the bacteria, which are plants, or to the animal world, which would assign it to the protozoa group. But the trend of the most recent investigations is to relegate the organisms which cause relapsing fever to the bacteria.

Relapsing fever can be transmitted not only by the tick which has bitten the infected individual, but by its progeny, for the spirochete has been demonstrated in the eggs of the tick. Symptoms of a successful infection by the tick usually appear in about one week.

Relapsing fever is readily confounded with malaria, typhoid, typhus and influenza. The detection of the spirochetes with the microscope is the most reliable method of diagnosis. At an early stage the relapsing character of the bedside phenomena, not having declared itself, is not available as an aid to diagnosis, but at a later period the history of a fever which had relapsed about fourteen days from the commencement of the disease should suggest the possibility of relapsing fever.

The onset of relapsing fever is marked by chilliness, shivering, vomiting and headache. The temperature rises to 104 or 105 degrees Fahrenheit—sometimes higher. The pulse runs at about 130. There may be delirium. The skin is dry, although on the first occasional sweats may break out. A touch of jaundice is usual. The tongue is coated in mild cases, dry and brown in severe ones. A rose-rash on the arms, trunk and limbs, and, before sores on or about the lips, may appear. Bronchitis is common.

The fever lasts about a week. At first the morning is lower than the evening temperature, but on or about the third day the evening temperature rarely rises above that of the morning. However, toward the end the fever again rises abruptly, being then usually associated with delirium, the paroxysm terminating by crisis, with profuse sweating, the temperature falling to or below normal in a few hours. In elderly or delicate patients there may be dangerous collapse at this point.

3—The Little Microbes, Which Have Been Scratched Into the Tick Bite, Circulate Through the Blood and in a Week Produce Jungle or Relapsing Fever with Violent Chills Alternating with High Fever.

4—As One of the Sequels of the Poison from Relapsing Fever Arises a Disturbance of the Middle Ear, Which Spreads to the Mastoid Cells, Causing Mastoiditis and Requiring Operation on the Bone Behind the Ear.

5—As a Still Further Result of the Fever the Nervous System Is Affected, Neuritis Is Caused, and the Important Sciatic Nerve Becomes Involved, Producing Sciatic.

6—Mr. Roosevelt and His Party Struggling Through the South American Wilderness.

7—Group of Natives Whom the Ticks Bite and from Whose Bodies They Acquire the Germs of Jungle Fever Which They Pass on to the Next Person They Bite.

8—This second relapse rarely lasts longer than three days and is generally milder than the previous paroxysms. In some instances there are as many as eleven relapses.

Not only do the relapses in Mr. Roosevelt's case prove the nature of his infection, but two particular circumstances have occurred which link his present condition very definitely with relapsing fever.

One of these was an attack of mastoiditis not a great while ago, and the other is the recent attack of sciatic, for which he sought treatment in the Roosevelt Hospital. These circumstances will at once be seen to possess special significance when considered in conjunction with Sir Patrick Manson's teaching as to the complications likely to occur as late sequelae of relapsing fever, namely, disease of the ears and neuritis. Sir Patrick Manson is the great English physician who instructs in such subjects as these at the London School of Tropical Medicine, and there is no higher authority of the world. He discusses re-

lapsing fever, its causes, symptoms and treatment, in his book entitled "Tropical Diseases," which is the leading authority on this subject.

"Concomitance from relapsing fever," says Sir Patrick Manson, "may be protracted and complicated with such sequelae as nephritis, opthalmia, otitis, neuritis, mastoiditis, laryngitis, parotitis and strabismus."

"The death rate is usually below six per cent, but in the feeble and old, death may take place at the height of the first paroxysm."

"In fatal cases of relapsing fever the spleen is usually found to be large and soft. The liver, kidneys and heart show cloudy swelling and the skin is generally jaundiced. The bone marrow is hyperemic."

"The fact that the spirochete which causes relapsing fever is conveyed to man by a parasite's bite indicates that personal and domestic cleanliness and the avoidance of people and places infected with such vermin must form the basis of successful prophylaxis. Especially to be avoided in countries where these parasites abound are the resting places of caravans

and travellers, and the huts of natives. A mosquito net, a bed well off the ground and a night-light are indispensable as the hours of sleep are especially dangerous."

It may safely be assumed, then, that Mr. Roosevelt has never completely convalesced from his relapsing fever, that he suffered from an infection of the middle ear as a direct consequence of the spirochetal invasion, that mastoiditis or inflammation of the mastoid cells behind the ear was a sequence of the ear infection, and that his sciatic neuritis is merely the latest aprochetal phase of his South American experience.

Mr. Roosevelt's age and physical condition when he started on his exploring tour were such that, after falling a victim to relapsing fever, he did not have sufficient vitality to effect complete recovery and resisted successfully the late complications that are following.

What can we postulate as to Mr. Roosevelt's future, on the basis of what we know about his past illnesses and present physical status? Here the interest of all of us in his personal fortunes becomes acute.

Upon such definite data as we have presented in this article it is not especially hazardous to submit a prognosis, meaning by that a foretelling of probable eventualities in the light of such data. It is not through prescience or the gift of prophecy that medical men arrive at reasonably just conclusions with respect to their patients' prospects, but through the accumulated experience of the profession, making due allowance for the personal equation in each



Mr. Roosevelt and Greatly Enlarged Drawing of the South American Tick Which Bit Him.



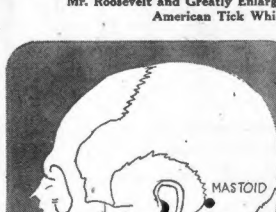
1—The Female Tick Bites Mr. Roosevelt and Engorges Herself to Develop Her Eggs.



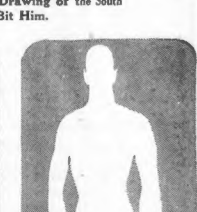
2—The Tick Incidentally Deposits on the Skin Little Microbes Called Spirochetes Which Provoke Scratching.



3—The Little Microbes, Which Have Been Scratched Into the Tick Bite, Circulate Through the Blood and in a Week Produce Jungle or Relapsing Fever with Violent Chills Alternating with High Fever.



4—As One of the Sequels of the Poison from Relapsing Fever Arises a Disturbance of the Middle Ear, Which Spreads to the Mastoid Cells, Causing Mastoiditis and Requiring Operation on the Bone Behind the Ear.



5—As a Still Further Result of the Fever the Nervous System Is Affected, Neuritis Is Caused, and the Important Sciatic Nerve Becomes Involved, Producing Sciatic.



Mr. Roosevelt and His Party Struggling Through the South American Wilderness.



Group of Natives Whom the Ticks Bite and from Whose Bodies They Acquire the Germs of Jungle Fever Which They Pass on to the Next Person They Bite.

parricular case. They generalize diseases, but individualize patients.

Knowing, then, what we do about Mr. Roosevelt's disease, and knowing Mr. Roosevelt, what

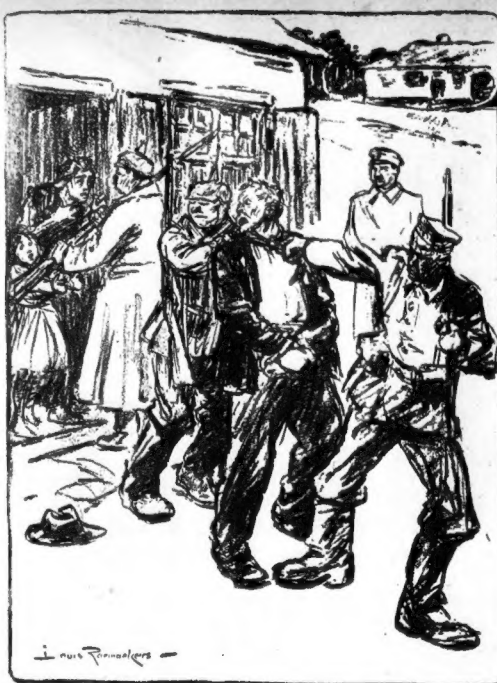
can be said as to the future usefulness or capacity for mischief—according to the views of our versatile subject's endowments—of our versatile subject?

From the medical standpoint it stands to reason that while Mr. Roosevelt will probably continue to furnish for a good many years performances and revelations of the kind that we have learned to associate with his curiously interesting personality, such performances and revelations will progressively lose in their degrees of punch and plausibility, because the mental and physical virility of the man can never again be what it was in the days before infectious disease and grievous complications set upon our aging sportsman of the strenuous life.

The destiny of Mr. Roosevelt henceforth is that set forth for men in his present state by Cleopatra; he must fight, as it were, against disease, and in like manner against old age—more meretricious foes than this stricken political gladiator has ever known.

Like Apollon, the old Roman, he will hereafter be feared only by his enemies, against disease, and in like manner against old age—more meretricious foes than this stricken political gladiator has ever known.

As a foretold leader, personifying with untiring faithfulness the standards of the bourgeoisie, his star has waned forever. The new world's flaming darts of liberty will blind his already dimmed vision and elude nothing but the crabbled and peevish carapace of age.



Roemaeke's Sketch of a German Deportation Squad at Work.

By the Countess de Gaza-Pascal

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(Continued from Last Sunday)
CHAPTER IV.

A CROP-HAIRED German sergeant, sitting at a mother of pearl inlaid table in what had been the music room of my chateau, with military papers laid out before him and the steel-tipped heels of his campaign boots dug firmly in the delicate parquet floor, which in other days was never trod upon except by softly shod feet, once explained to me just what Germany meant by those deportations of the young and the old from the invaded regions of France, the beginning of which I described on these pages last week.

I don't think, even today, France itself fully understands just what was the plan behind that tearing away from their homes and native soil, from their wives, mothers, sweethearts and husbands, of whole populations far behind the battle front. Various explanations were offered by Germany: there was much calculated defense, even justification of the cruelty, but Sergeant Traumann, orderly-clerk to General von Boehm, one of the officers who had billeted himself in my chateau, gave me the real reason.

Sergeant Traumann was not of the soldier class. He had been a man of some consequence back in Germany. He had belonged to the Landwehr, and had been made General von Boehm's clerk as a special consideration. General von Boehm was the author of the Termonde murders. It was fitting that he should be placed in charge of deportations in the Cambrai district. If any of the German generals ever are brought to trial for their offenses, General von Boehm will be one of them. Sergeant Traumann merely was the instrument for the drawing up of the deportation orders. He was thoroughly Prussian—hence his steel-tipped heels dug into the priceless parquet floor—but he was friendly.

"We are very sorry, Madame, for those who must undergo the privations of deportation," the sergeant said that morning when I asked him why such things were done. "But we must teach your France a lesson—in the future all nations must shudder when they think of German might."

This was the real reason, the sergeant said, why a systematic campaign was waged by General von Boehm to completely bleed the district. My conversation with the sergeant took place just after I had seen pass along the road in front of my home a long line of old men and women and children. These were refugees from the towns to the north, and at every village they were joined by others gathered up by the Germans. No boys above the age of fourteen or girls above seventeen were there. Nor were adults under forty-five years of age. The Germans figured that those between these ages might be of physical value to France, either as soldiers or workers.

At different centres, such as Cambrai, which was only a few miles from my chateau, these refugees were put into cattle trains and shipped to the south, where they were detained and sent in companies across the lines. The French had to permit them to pass their own lines and enter France, for the Germans simply sent them through the German line toward the French, and if they turned back they were shot.

"We will not have to feed them any more, and they will use up the food in France, which must take care of them," explained Sergeant Traumann. "Generals von Boehm and Stenger have estimated that they can gather two hundred thousand persons from Douai to St. Quentin and get them into the hands of France. Those who are able to work must be made to earn their keep. When our victory is won they will pass on to future generations their memory of what it means to thwart Germany." For many weeks after this first column of exiled refugees passed my house others came, and we heard of similar scenes along every road in that part of invaded France. In a little cottage house just across the road from me lived

M. Georges Labitche and his aged wife. M. Labitche had been a notary, and had saved a competence

large enough to assure his family an old age with moderate luxuries. There were no children in the Labitche cottage, but there were aged servants, to whom the cottage was their only home. When the old people and children were gathered up M. Labitche and Mme. Labitche were notified to prepare themselves for a journey "into France" within twelve hours.

M. Labitche was surely eighty years old, and Mme. Labitche was almost as old. Mme. Labitche was almost ill—she had never been well since the first days of the war. The sufferings of France and so much unhappiness around her weighed heavily upon her. M. Labitche had kept up because he considered that his position in the neighborhood required of him constant efforts to keep up the courage of the people.

When the blow fell and they were given that twelve hours' notice, M. Labitche was overcome, but Mme. Labitche, now that a crisis was at hand, rallied her strength, and they went out from their little cottage, hand in hand, to trudge behind the cart which the Germans provided for every ten deportees to carry their permissible bundles of belongings.

The old servants were sent along with them—they were not listed for the deportation, but they asked to go. I carried their request to Sergeant Traumann, who made out the lists for General von Boehm to sign. The sergeant said: "Very well, Madame, but do you know you probably are sending them to their death? Such old people can hardly live until they cross the lines."

I have never heard whether M. Labitche and Mme. Labitche lived through their journey. That was the pitiable thing about the deportations. Relatives and friends "never heard" of their loved ones afterward.

Each of these exiles was permitted to carry only 100 francs in French bank notes for each adult and 50 francs in bank notes for each child. No matter how wealthy they might be, they had to leave all their money behind with the exception of these sums. The Germans volunteered to give a receipt for money left behind, if the deportees would turn it over to them. Many took advantage of this offer, accepting with uncertain hopes the pledge that "after the war" the German Government would make refunds.

When the exiles were put aboard the cattle trains at Cambrai they were ordered by the German officers to turn over the French bank notes they had been allowed to take with them, that the Germans might put them in envelopes for safe keeping, the envelopes to be returned to each deportee at the point of crossing the lines into France. There was no choice about this—the exiles had to obey.

At that time French bank notes were worth almost one-third more than their face value, while German paper money was worth only one-half. When the exiles were sent through the lines their envelopes were returned to them, but the Germans had taken out the French bank notes and had substituted German paper money in equal amounts. In unoccupied France this German money was not even worth half its face value—it was worthless altogether. Thus the exiles arrived behind the French lines penniless—those who were still alive.

Those envelopes in which the exiles had put their notes were brought to my chateau from Cambrai. It was Sergeant Traumann and his helpers who sorted them out and substituted German money for the bank notes. I overheard one of the officers say at my table that Germany had profited five million francs by these transactions with the savings of the old people who were sent away. And, besides, when the Germans gathered up the 100-franc allotments and put them in envelopes for "safe keeping" they also demanded that the receipts given for money left

My Three Years of Captivity

The Young Countess de Gaza-Pascal, Whose Chateau in France

ON that fateful August day four years ago when the German army poured across the Belgian frontier I was visiting friends in Brussels. Next day my husband joined his regiment in France, the Second Howitzer Reserve. I have never seen him since. He was killed in battle fourteen months later.

The Germans swept on. Suddenly the patrols of Uhlans galloped into Brussels; then came the Prussian Guard. We were now helpless in the hands of the enemy.

My husband's chateau was near Epinoy, in northern France. As the German lines pressed rapidly forward into France they soon passed through and beyond Epinoy, and I was permitted to leave Brussels and go to my home.

My home! For three years I was the servant in my own chateau, the humiliated slave of my Prussian German masters. My chateau had been taken for the headquarters of the Fourth Artillery Corps, and from time to time Hindenburg and Ludendorff themselves were there. Twenty miles away was the Great Headquarters of the General Staff, at St. Aubert.

For three years I lived under the shadow of the commanding officers of the great German military machine and overheard their plans, ministered to their brutal desires and saw their monstrous commands executed on the desolated homes and the quivering bodies of my neighbors.

I HAVE SEEN women dragged into my chateau and turned over to the drunken caprices of the officers.

I HAVE SEEN these officers possess themselves of my own household servants whenever fancy seized them.

I HAVE SEEN two unfortunate little ones born in my own house and greeted with the ribald jests of the Prussian officers.

I HAVE SEEN the graves in the cemetery near my chateau torn open, the rings, crucifixes and trinkets taken, and even the gold in the teeth stripped from the jaws—and the bones tossed into a heap.

I HAVE SEEN the heartbroken relatives reverently searching these heaps of bones, smoothing over the torn graves and piecing together the broken headstones.

I HAVE SEEN the deportations—the families assembled to be torn apart at an officer's command, the men and boys marched off to far-away munition factories, the women sent away to work in the fields and the pretty girls retained for the officers' entertainment.

I HAVE SEEN the spies come and go—those tireless and conscienceless wretches who creep back and forth through the military lines and also watch and listen and betray the people of the towns.

I HAVE SEEN their pitiful victims marched through the streets and soon I have heard the guns of the firing squad.

I HAVE SEEN Prince Etzel reeling about in the arms of women he had sent for from Berlin to entertain him—

But I will tell this in detail; all this and a thousand other things which were burned into my brain and heart and soul through the long hours of the endless days and nights of that three years of horror.

LLAINE, COUNTESS DE GAZA-PASCAL.

behind be included in the envelope. These receipts were never returned.

Such were the experiences of the old people and the children, whose bodies could not be turned into profit by the invaders. I brought with me from France when I came to my former home in America the story of one who was sent, not into France, but into Germany—one of the "young ones," whose hands were strong enough to work for the invaders. This is the story of Mlle. Cecile Debeques, who was twenty years old and a teacher in the public schools. She was taken away in the same party with Mlle. Yvette, of whom I told last Sunday.

Mlle. Cecile wrote of her experiences in the form of a diary, which she kept with great difficulty. She managed to preserve portions of it, even when she was released through the intervention of a German woman who had once known her mother at a Belgian Summer resort. She reached Paris when the British freed Epinoy, and it was there I made the copy of her diary that I give here. It begins after Mlle. Cecile, who had been taken from her home with two hundred other young women, one night in April, 1916, had been put aboard a train of freight cars at Cambrai for the journey to Germany.

I described last Sunday.

This is the diary, in part, of Mlle. Cecile: "This is a day in April. I do not know the date, as I have lost track of the days, but it is more than a week since I left the railroad station at Cambrai with my young women companions, and that was on the evening of the 12th of April. I can never forget that date, for, besides marking all the terrible things that happened, it was the eve of my birthday, and there was to have been a party for me in my home, with candles burning in a cove and with dishes of sandwiches made from meat. Besides being my birthday, it was to be a feast on marmos, the first in many months.

"After the cruel medical inspection in the big room of the Cambrai railroad station the soldiers put me, with twenty-four other women, several of them quite young, in a cattle car. The door of the car had been marked with blue chalk, 'Eighteen women,' but twenty-five were in it. We remained in the car, with hardly room to all lie down, until late the next afternoon. Sentries walked up and down the cars outside. We were given once that day some very black bread and water.

"At last we could tell, from the noise about us, that orders had come for the train to move. We felt engines backing up against it. Three soldiers climbed into the car and made room for themselves in a corner, drawing a mark with chalk on the floor of the car, indicating sufficient space for two of them to stretch out comfortably, while the third sat up, on guard. One of the soldiers spoke a little French, and made us understand that we must never crowd into the chalked-off space—unless we were invited." This last he added with a grin which froze our blood.

"Presently the train started. The soldiers had closed the doors. I wanted to look out—ever though it was dark—for a farewell look at my beloved France, the place where I was born, for I did not know what the future held in store. I was the soldier's wife, I might not slide the door until at least a car change was opened. 'No,' he said, 'it is against the orders.'"

"Nearly all of my companions sobbed aloud. There were three girls of hardly sixteen, each of whom had left a sister, mother, father and brother behind. They had

been playmates, and their mutual grief was pitiable. There also were two women, older, who were quite ill, longed for the comfort of home, and were quite ill. They were all very young, and their mutual grief was pitiable. They threatened to slap the ones who were loudest in their grief.

"Our sufferings that night were indescribable. There were no sanitary provisions; there was no privacy from the grinning, animal-like eyes of the soldiers. They made coarse jests about us in German, which many of us partially understood.

"In the morning the train arrived at Maubeuge, near Belgium. We stopped outside the city, where there is a junction of railroad tracks. The soldiers opened the door and leaped to the ground to exercise themselves. They left the door open, but they would not allow us to descend. Surgeons went along the train, stopping at each car, and calling out, 'Is there any one ill?' Those who complained were given the customary reply, after a glance from the surgeon, 'The country air will do you good. One of the surgeons passing our car caught sight of me, as I happened to be leaning my head through the door for a breath of pure air. He called to the soldiers, 'Ach—you have a pretty one inside. I congratulate you.'"

"To those of us who were old enough to think deeply that remark by the surgeon aroused a deep foreboding. But it was one of the young girls, a little thing from the village of Sancourt, who first gave it speech. Suddenly she cried out, 'Perhaps it isn't to work in the fields at all they are taking us to Germany.' Then discussion of this dread threat busied us all throughout the night.

"Next we went through Libramont, and stopped there two days and nights. We were kept in our cars. There was a commandant at that station who was a little more kind than others. He gave orders that we were to be allowed to walk up and down, three carloads at a time. He also persuaded villagers to give us a little of their own store of food, which eked out the meagre supply given us by the military.

"At other places we stopped, too, sometimes for a night, sometimes for two nights. Some of the things that happened enroute—with the soldiers—I cannot put down on paper. They grew worse and more brazen and shameless every hour.

"And yesterday we arrived here, at Treves, inside the



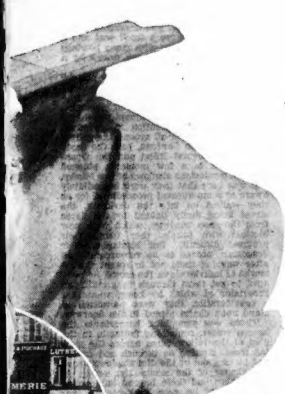
German Official Photograph of Able-Bodied French Civilians of St. Quentin, Marched to the Front to Work in the Battle Area.

londoned the of long a week and of 102 the ho looked at Can be put went d of exil on the Late y women chan been I to was will me about place give daily become We w in a taking can skan d our el of per work To-da

German Slavery

France Was Occupied by Hindenburg and Others in High Command, Reveals for the First Time the Details of Unsuspected Savagery Behind the German Lines in Devastated France Which Stands Unparalleled by Anything in History

Countess Liaine de Gaze-Pascal.



German border. We were not allowed to leave the train until in the evening. All afternoon, after we arrived, the residents of the town walked along outside the train, seeking opportunity to get a glimpse of us. The soldiers left the cars, but forced us to keep the door shut behind, while they stood guard outside.

Countess Liaine de Gaze-Pascal.

"In the evening five car loads of us were unloaded, including our car. The others were taken on, where I do not know. We who were un- were marched to two houses quite in the centre of the city, evidently, had not been occupied for a long time. Both houses were quite empty of furniture, but a number of cots piled in one of the rooms, with mat- ings on blankets, signified that there had been pre- paration for us. The soldiers ordered us to keep inside the houses. There was no water inside, so there was no oppor- tunity to bathe, even our hands and faces, after the long days on the journey. An under officer com- manded us, entering the house boldly. He counted on after we had rations of bread, rice cakes and a tin of soup made from fish. The morning the soldier guard was withdrawn from the houses. The under officer came again and counted us, the tickets given up after the medical inspection. He registered our names and told us we would work as soon as we get round to it. When he he chatted on the door of the house the number inside. On our door he wrote 'Forty-one women,' and of the other house he wrote 'Sixty-one women.' Afternoon he came again and took half of the tickets from two other houses in another part of the city, the signs on our doors in conformity with the list I do not know what to-morrow will bring."

"It is May Day—the first of May. We have more than a week. Still we have not been put to work. The residents of the city are very cruel. They are as cruel as we. We are permitted to walk in the city, and we have tried to beg clothes to re- store garments, but none of the inhabitants will give us anything. We have been forced to ask for food, as the rations of bread, tasteless coffee and fish soup have been nauseating. Two of the women in my house died of hunger. The authorities would not bother the bodies away. We have no soap or towels. We wash at a pump in the back yard and let our clothes dry in the sun. We are becoming very ragged, and the clothes are much soiled."

"On the 4th—Still we are not at work. There are plenty of people in the neighborhood, it seems, to do all the field work, but we do not know why the Germans brought us here. We learned why the civilians of the city will not

have anything to do with us. The military authorities have told them we were women of evil life! Why they did this awful thing I do not know. But they spread it throughout the city. That is why we are stared at so and why the women who live here will not talk to us when we ask in their back yards for a bit of good food or something with which to mend our torn clothes. The older women are horrified. The very young girls do not realize the meaning of it."

"May 5th.—With Mlle. Marthe, a girl whom I have learned to feel very sorry for, I walked into the city to-day and stopped a German civilian who seemed to have a kind face. We got in front of him, so he would have to listen. I begged him to tell our neighbors that we were not bad women, but daughters of respectable families who had been taken from their homes for no reason. The man was very much surprised to hear us talk that way, and was kind enough to let us tell him all about ourselves. He told me how to find his house, and said we were to go there to-morrow. He would tell his wife, and she would tell others, and we could have something to eat there. Still they do not put us to work."

"May 6th.—To-day Mlle. Marthe and I went to the home of the kindly gentleman. There were many German women there, out of curiosity, I think. But they gave us good bread, black bread, but very tasty, and some potatoes and fresh vegetables. They had meat but two days a week, the women told us. When we had told our story some of the women were very sympathetic. Some went to their homes and brought old skirts and waists and stockings for us."

"May 15th.—They will take us to work in the field next week, the soldiers who bring our rations told us to-day. We will be moved from here to a little village several miles away, they say."

"May 17th.—To-day a regiment of soldiers came into the city and was billeted upon the town. They are just from the front and have been brought here to rest as a special mark of distinction for something the regiment did in battle. They are very boisterous, and there is much celebrating in the city. We were afraid to leave the house to-day."

"May 19th.—Terrible things have happened. Early this morning the commandant came to our houses with some army surgeons. Soon we saw there was to be another medical inspection. This time there was a purpose—a dreadful purpose. We were herded into the largest room on the first floor, which once had been a parlor, and made to submit, one by one, and in full view of the commandant and his aides and each other, to a most brutal examination. We were not forced this time to divest ourselves of our clothing, but it could not have been worse if we had. After we were examined, each one of us was given a new metal tag to wear around our necks on a thin chain fastened with a small steel lock. Of the twenty-three women and girls with me in the house to which I had been assigned sixteen of us were given tags on which were stamped the words, 'Good for everything.' 'I cannot get my tag off. We were told we would be shot if we removed them, but I would rather die than wear it. But the lock holds the chain tightly around my neck. We talked together to-night of killing ourselves—for that 'Good for everything' means that soldiers will come. We have heard the rules for deported women—every one knows them. If any boy babies are born they are to be sent further into Germany, to be taken care of by the Government. Girl babies remain with their mothers, and both are returned to the neighborhood of their homes in France and set free."

"May 25th.—For days I have not been able to write in my diary. My diary! How I hope it sees the light some day, where the world may read it! The next day after the tags were fastened on us we were officially passed to the soldiers of the billeted regiment. Every hour after that, night and day, they came to the house. And it was the same in the other house where the rest of our party was quartered. I broke away from the first soldier who took hold of me and ran into the street screaming. People just looked at me, some with pity, I think, but no one would help me. Two soldiers came running after me. A third, who was on the street, caught me and knocked



"MEN TO THE RIGHT AND WOMEN TO THE LEFT"

"At 6 o'clock a captain separated the men from the women and children. The women were placed behind a line of infantry. The men had to stand alongside a wall; those in the front row were told to sit on their haunches, the others to remain standing behind them. A platoon took a stand right opposite the group. The women propped in vain for mercy for their husbands, their sons and their brothers; the officer gave the order to fire. He had not made the slightest investigation, pronounced no sentence of any sort.—Belgian Government Committee's Report. (Picture by Rasmeyer.)

Convoy of Deported French Men and Women Under Guard of German Soldiers.

me down. Then they made me get onto my feet and they shoved and beat me until I was in the house again. I could not help myself. When I pleaded the soldiers would just look at my tag and then grin. 'You are registered,' they would say. The commandant has marked you good for everything. He is very considerate, the commandant is, and what he sets aside for us we take. 'I wonder how long it will be! Surely this is not to keep up!'

There were many more such entries as these in the diary of Mlle. Cecile, the well-born, educated and refined daughter of a gentle family, and a school teacher. But I shall not give more of these entries that have to do with the balance of their stay in that place. After a while other trains of deportees—women—began to arrive in Treves; there was another inspection; another distribution of metal tags, and Mlle. Cecile's party, broken in health and spirit, with horror in their eyes, was taken away—replaced by the 'considerate' commandant."

"August 1st.—For almost two months now I have been here, near the village of Pailhen, working, with my companions, in the fields. This village is ten miles from Treves. We were summoned one morning from the houses at Treves, and, without an instant's notice, marched across country to this place. German farmers had been notified of our coming, and had assembled in a field at the edge of the village that we might be apportioned among them. Each farmer was allowed two strong and healthy women. When these had all been chosen the remaining women were apportioned three, four and in one case five, to a farmer. The farmers who drew the less healthy ones were keenly disappointed."

"We were all housed in a group of shed buildings just outside the village. These buildings seemed to have been barns or outbuildings of an estate. We soon discovered that a score or more of men deportees from Belgium, some of them mere boys, also were quartered in these buildings. There was no provision for comfort—just piles of rags, torn blankets and straw mattresses, which were filthy, to sleep on. At first we were compelled to sleep in the same buildings with the men—and each building contained but one large room. After we had made continued complaints to the farmers for whom we worked and had succeeded in interesting their womenfolk, the authorities segregated us, putting the men in one building and we women in another."

"These German farmers are stolid and hard, but they do not practice the vicious cruelties such as are common with the soldiers. They have no refinement of mind or character, however. We are to them as work horses. They talk to each other about the amount of work they get out of their slaves, and we are traded back and forth like property. Some of them would be kind if they dared. As it is, they just say, 'The military authorities sent you here. We can't help it. If you don't work we won't get paid for your food, and food is very scarce.'"

"We are made to leave the buildings we sleep in at 5 o'clock in the morning. Soldiers come and count us, read off our names, and then see that we start to the farms where we work. We have to walk far. My place is three miles down the road. The farms are much bigger here than they are in France. We get breakfast at the farmer's house, with the other workers and servants. Then we go to the fields and do the hard work. We are very tired at night, and it is hard to keep up our strength, as the farmers do not give us even as good food as they have—just scraps."

"September 4th—I am going back to my home—if my home still stands; and to my people, if they still live. I am so glad. Last week, while I was walking on the road in the evening, a German woman passing in a carriage stopped me. She said she recognized my face. Then I saw it was Frau von Prittwitz, wife of Graf von Prittwitz, whom my mother and I met one Summer in Belgium. She lived close by, I learned. She was shocked when I told her my story. She promised to intercede for me. Her husband is connected with the military offices. The very next day Frau von Prittwitz brought an order for me to go to her home and live—I still had to work for the farmer, but I slept at Frau von Prittwitz's house. And she gave me underwear—the first I had had for more than four months. And some shoes and stockings, and a dress to wear in the evenings. To-day the order came for me to return to Cambrai. I am quite happy to-night."

Mlle. Cecile reached Cambrai and walked from there to Epinoy, where she found some of her relatives still there. Worn, broken and feeble, she was an old woman, though only twenty-two.

(Continued Next Sunday)

The Black Stone By George S. Gibbs

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THE Summer the great war in Europe breaks out finds Alan Jessup, a young American millionaire, very much bored with an idle rich man's existence. But even the urging of Constance Masterson, the young woman he has expected to marry, fails to rouse him from his lethargy and he finally tries to do something worth while. At last, she tells him that she cannot marry a man whose life is so lacking in purpose and that she is going to England to become a Red Cross nurse.

Most disgusted with life than ever Jessup decides to sail on his palatial yacht, *Turkana*, for East Africa and do some game hunting. He invites his guest on the voyage Conrad von Hengel, a captain in the German army, who says that he has been ordered to East Africa to join his regiment. Von Hengel is also in love with Constance Masterson, but she has declared friendship with him at an end on account of the crimes his country is committing in France and Belgium.

Start of the voyage is delayed several weeks while von Hengel completes certain arrangements with the German ambassador under whom he has been serving as military attaché. When the *Turkana* finally does set sail it is with von Hengel travelling under an assumed name and with a Swedish passport. The captain of the yacht warns Jessup of the danger of countenancing such deception as this in time of war, but the latter carelessly dismisses the matter as no affair of his. A British cruiser appears and fires several shots, but the *Turkana* puts on full speed and escapes. Von Hengel asks permission to use the wireless to send some messages to von Bernstorff. When Captain Headland reports his suspicions that these messages are really going to German raiders, Jessup begins to doubt the wisdom of having a German officer as his guest. On reaching Gibraltar von Hengel visits a dealer in antiquities and returns to the yacht carrying a heavy bundle which he says contains some Moorish flintlock pistols. But Jessup's man Dawson, who has become suspicious of the German, peers through the keyhole of the door to his stateroom and sees him unwrapping what looks like a piece of coal. When the yacht reaches Alexandria von Hengel mysteriously disappears. Jessup decides to lay the whole matter before the British military authorities. On his way to Cairo to do this he is surprised to meet Constance, who has just arrived from England on a hospital ship. Northby Pasha, head of the British Intelligence Department, tells Jessup that von Hengel's mission in the United States was to arrange explosions in munitions factories.

CHAPTER V. (Continued). The Black Stone.

"You know," queried Jessup. "Yes, Mr. Jessup. His Majesty's Government informed your Secretary of State of this man's activities three months ago. Conrad von Hengel was quite the most active member of the Embassy staff at Washington. To learn that you have even inadvertently brought him to Egypt is a matter of intense, of vital interest to me. Would you mind telling me how he happened to come upon your yacht?"

"Not at all," said Jessup. "That is why I am here. Captain von Hengel was my guest. He told me his regiment was in German East Africa. And I said I'd take him there."

"H-m. That was hardly a friendly act to England. You didn't know he was on the German Headquarters staff?"

"No. You see, he seemed to me."

"You will please tell me exactly what happened at Gibraltar?"

"Captain von Hengel possessed a Swedish passport bearing the name of Adolf Niedeckström. I had grave doubts about his landing, but the port officer passed him without question."

"Because he was long for a Swiss—who was to come through Spain?"

"The British Government suspected—"

"The Government had a suspicion of a political plot which centered at Gibraltar, but what it signified they did not then know. Nor did they know that Captain von Hengel was to have a part in it. Your threw opportunity in his way when he took it instead of sailing, as planned, in a Dutch steamer. It was in this way that our agents lost sight of him."

"I know," frowned Jessup. "He asked me to keep silent in it did so. He was aboard the *Turkana* for a week before we sailed."

"Go on, Mr. Jessup."

Jessup frowned at the arched image of Pash upon the desk and then, in a few words, told his guest what had happened at Gibraltar.

"Mouth—your say," broke in the officer before Jessup had gone far. "An old man, a seller of antiquities—at the head of Church street upon the left?"

"You know."

But Northby Pasha had pressed a button and was writing rapidly on a pad of paper. When his orderly entered he tore the slip from the pad and handed it to him.

"Have this message sent to general Wythecombe at Gibraltar in code, and without delay." And then, turning quickly to Jessup, he surprised him by asking a strange question.

"Could you tell me if the word Ben Ghazi was spoken by the Moor?"

"Ben Ghazi," said the bewildered Jessup. "Why, General Northby, I believe it was. It was among the names of the places from which the flintlock pistols had come."

Northby Pasha shrugged. "How soon after Captain von Hengel left your yacht was his absence discovered?"

"A matter of some hours."

"And you found no trace of the object your man Dawson saw through the keyhole—or any paper or other articles written in the Arabian character?"

"None."

"According to your man's description the stone was like a piece of coal, only smoother and not so shiny?"

"That is correct. He will testify if you desire."

Northby Pasha stopped before the window with folded arms and peered out. For a long while he did not speak and Jessup watched him, trying to guess what was passing in his mind. At last Northby Pasha crossed slowly to the desk and said:

"Mr. Jessup," he said, "it is fortunate that I know something about you, and your prompt action in advising the British authorities exonerates you, of course, from any complicity in the conspiracy of Captain von Hengel."

"Conspiracy?"

"The greatest evil conceived in the brain of mortal man. A conspiracy which involves nations and more than you can imagine, the security of the British Empire."

Jessup's mouth had fallen open and he stared at Northby Pasha, his eyes shining; there was no disguising his interest and participation in this matter. His curiosity and contrition were written so clearly on his features that the officer could have no doubt as to their genuineness.

"Anything that I can do, Colonel Northby—anything in the world to atone for my

stupidity, my yacht—my means—anything within my power I will give gladly."

The officer smiled and brought forth a box of cigarettes. "Come, Mr. Jessup," he said with a more hospitable air, "let us not cry over our spilt milk. Perhaps this misfortune may be a blessing in disguise for us."

"If we can catch Conrad von Hengel," he stopped, his lighted match in mid-air, and gazed at the image of Pash. "If we can only catch him."

"You have taken all precautions?"

"You may be sure of that. Every man of my force is watching. It will be a miracle if he slips through."

"There can be no?"

Northby Pasha examined the ash of his cigarette reflectively. And then, deliberately, "I am not much of a talker about the affairs of my department, Mr. Jessup, but your manner and your anxiety to correct your earlier mistake have impressed me with a sense of your loyalty to the British Government."

"You must believe me, General Northby."

"I do. I may need your help. I'm going to tell you what Captain von Hengel's presence here means. You will remember that what I say to you is of grave importance."

"I am not talkative by nature."

Northby Pasha was silent a moment, regarding Jessup keenly with his sharp black eyes, and then went on quickly.

"You have heard of the Black Stone of Mecca?"

Jessup started. "The Black Stone. Yes, I think so—it's set in a wall and the Johnnies kiss it—or something. But what?"

Northby Pasha waved his hand. "Allah's stone, the Muslims call it," he continued. "It's a sacred relic of the sanctuary of Mecca which existed as far back as the third century of the Christian era, before the Prophet even was born."

"But this?"

"One moment. In the fourth century of Islam, or about the tenth of the Christian era, the Cornathians, a Mohammedan sect from the eastward, captured Mecca and took away the sacred relic, the Black Stone. They were dissenters from the ancient religion, pupils of Ahmed, son of the Persian Abdullah bin Maiman, and the sacred relic was carried off into Persia."

"But this?"

Northby Pasha shrugged.

"It is merely a substitute brought back by the Cornathians, for the original stone was never returned to Mecca. We know of writings hidden in Cairo which tell of the substitution, parchment, jealously guarded from the people of Islam, for whom such a revelation would be in the nature of a disaster."

"Then you believe?"

"All things in order, Mr. Jessup. The Cornathians still exist and their doctrines are followed in Persia, in Arabia, in India, and are still propagated in the island of Zanzibar. Several years ago a celebrated English student discovered that the original Black Stone of Mecca had been for many years carefully preserved in a safe placed by a sheikh of an ancient family of Zanzibar which had always followed the doctrines of Imamian Quarnat, from whom the Cornathians took the name. He worked in secret and succeeded at last in finding the place of the sacred object, but, unfortunately, the Arabs got wind of his efforts and removed the Black Stone, carrying it off somewhere into the heart of the desert, where all trace of it was lost."

"Last year, since the war began, there came a rumor that the Muslims of Ben Ghazi, a Persian in northern India, were being stirred to a fanatical religious fervor, and those of us who are interested in Eastern politics were anxious that the disturbance could only have been caused by a wind had blown across the desert, all the calms again. The calms again, the Muslims had dropped out of existence. What happened to it no one knows."

"But a month ago a caravan came out of the heart of the desert to Beni Mora. It was a caravan from far to the south and east, whose members were unknown to the Arabs of that vicinity. There was a camel laden with goods, a woman in a canopy of red cloth, and a man in a turban and a scimitar. All this we know, but no more. The arrival of this caravan which gave rise to the belief that some holy object had been brought into the East, was a very important event. The calms again, the Muslims had dropped out of existence. What happened to it no one knows."

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Zanzibar, and of Ben Ghazi and Beni Mora is the stone which the German Captain von Hengel brought to Alexandria in the cabin of your yacht."

"But what object could von Hengel have in bringing the Black Stone ashore in Egypt?"

Northby Pasha smiled.

"When you have lived as long in the East as I have your imagination will gain a greater flexibility. Can you not guess what effect the possession of such an object would have upon the people of Islam?"

"A fetish?"

"Exactly. A fetish, a symbol, a talisman that they will follow across the face of the earth."

"Mesopotamia!" said Jessup.

"All Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, India may be inflamed."

"ing significantly, and folded his arms grimacingly. 'If we can find Conrad von Hengel and the Black Stone of Mecca the Eastern ambitions of the German Emperor will end in the snare of failure.'"

"We must find him!"

"Must be a good word. I like your use of it. I have good reason to believe that Captain von Hengel will come to Cairo. There are some documents here that are necessary to his success, those I have spoken of. It would not be wise to tell you more of them than that they are a part of the secret treasures of the Mosque of Haasneya—named after Hosny—the talk of the heretical Persians. I needn't go into that, but perhaps you can guess the significance."

"By George! The Cornathians!"

"Exactly. But no more now. I will let

morning by thinking the whole incident merely unpleasant, and had now ended in a wish, amounting almost to an obsession to be the personal means of repairing the damage he had inadvertently done."

Conrad von Hengel was on his way to Cairo, if not at this very moment within its gates, and with him the Black Stone of Mecca, the mysterious object of the ruse-trick which he had so cleverly

secreted and hidden from all but the eyes of the suspicious Dawson. Good old Dawson! If it hadn't been for Dawson von Hengel would have gotten clean away with no one the wiser as to his momentous mission. But now his game was discovered, and unless von Hengel got wind of Jessup's visit to the British authorities he would be in ignorance of the danger he ran in coming to Cairo.

"afterward on the terrace as she had requested."

"Alan, I was so afraid you were not coming. Did you know what day this is?"

"It's the tenth day of Muharram," she remarked sagely.

"You're right," he said politely. "How jolly!"

"I've been looking it up in Murray's—'The Calendar,' the month of the grand son of the Prophet. It's quite wonderful, they say, in the bazaar quarter—the procession of the Ashoorah-funerals and Zikrs and everything. We must see the sights. Then, then, notice his abstracted air. 'Don't you want to go with me, Alan?'

"Er—oh, of course—I'd quite all right for you to go."

"All right? Why shouldn't it be?"

"Rather rough for a girl—and—smelly."

"I wouldn't mind—that is, of course," she added. "If there isn't something else you want to do."

"Oh, no—have you engaged a dragoman? Who do we go to?"

"To the Musky and then to the Khan El Khally, which fronts the Mosque of the Haasneya."

"Haasneya? By Jove!" Jessup flashed around, his eyes sparkling. Was it not the Mosque of Haasneya that Northby Pasha had spoken of—the repository of the last parchment which had suddenly taken on so great an importance?"

"Most interesting!" said Jessup quietly. "Let's be off—very all means."

Constance curiously noted the sudden change in his manner and followed him down the terrace to where the dragoman was awaiting them. The dragoman was a tall person, who wore a frock coat and a turban, and led them with many bowings and scrapings to an arched draw by a pair of white horses.

But Constance Masterson was not for stumping in the elegance of white Arab steeds with jingling silver chains, and much to the apparent disgust of Mustapha, who must lose a few, diminished the driver and signified her intention to go alone. And so they started off around the railing of the balcony of the hotel, the last of the Continental Hotel and the Opera House, and in a few moments plunged into the mysterious shadows of the Musky.

It was here that they were immediately aware of some unusual proceedings, for as they walked on into the darkness, the street being dimly lighted by the flares from the shops, they found the way suddenly blocked with people, they found their progress difficult. But Mustapha, their dragoman, proved to be resourceful, and after warning them not to resent the remarks of individuals in the crowd, he managed to get them through to a stall, the proprietor of which he knew, where for a moment the two were permitted to stand upon chairs placed in the doorway.

There was something barbaric in the hoarse voices, something fantastic in the play of the yellow faces across the moving faces, glinting in turban and turban and picking out of the dim shadows above the shapes of the meshrebis, oriel, in which here and there beyond half-opened grilles could be seen dark, eager eyes peering down—everywhere mystery and question of things quaint or sordid or tragic. To eyes used not so long ago to the gray of London, the contrast was almost overpowering, and Constance Masterson clung to Alan Jessup's arm as though that only were real.

Jessup stood without comment, his brow bent, apparently indifferent to the crowd which surged below him. But suddenly he bent aside toward the east of his dragoman.

"Two men have followed us from the Ezbekieh, Mustapha," he said. "Who are they?"

Mustapha put on the air of innocence which is the stock in trade of all well-bred dragomans.

"Two men! The Effendi must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not mistaken. In the doorway yonder, one in a turban and galushah, the other in a frock coat and top hat."

"Head dress! No, sir," said Mustapha positively. "I have not seen him before."

"H-m," said Jessup absently.

Constance Masterson had misused this by-play, for her eyes and ears were intent upon the distant end of the street, whence came a glare of flaming torches, the sounds of barbaric notes and slowly the cart appeared upon which were two crescents of blinding wood and sent shadows like the shapes of lun and effort dancing along the walls.

But it was the procession of half naked men which followed that lent the final touch of the barbaric to the scene. Their heads, faces and chests were horribly gashed and they walked, some half bent with their weakness, others proudly erect and shouting hoarsely, "Allah! Allah! Hosny! Hosny!" while they beat their bloody breasts or flogged themselves or others with their cruel chains.

Constance sank back against Alan's arm with a short gasp of horror, and then rushed to a kind of fascination at the gruesome sight. It was too horrible to be even fantastic, yet too fantastic to be real. The martyrs raised their garments growing darker and in their wake, upon a horse, there passed a child, with streaks of red upon its garments, who represented Hosny's son, Al Akbar. There more people followed, some in robes of white, some in robes of red.

"You had better go back, Connie," said Jessup.

"No, I think not," she replied, "but it was most—er—appealing."

Mustapha smiled. "The Effendi must not be disturbed. The martyrs will not hurt themselves. And presently they will all have supper together in a restaurant in the Gambia."

Jessup had gotten down and helped Constance sink back against Alan's arm, and then, as they went into the street and into the open spaces of the Souk el Kanto he glanced carefully at the man in the turban and the galushah, who represented Hosny's son, Al Akbar. There more people followed, some in robes of white, some in robes of red.

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"One glance he gave, and then, pushing violently while those around him swore in all tongues, he cut across the crowd away from the Americans, making for the corner of a nearby building."

"Good God! And he—von Hengel!"

"Captain von Hengel—Germany holds the ace of trumps!"

Jessup sank into the chair from which his guest had risen, and he had done he walked quickly to his desk and pressed a button, and To the order, "Tell David Effendi to come here at once."

What ancient writings were these, in the Mosque of Haasneya, as to the spirit of the Black Stone of Mecca? It was planned to come to Cairo in the hopes of the Black Stone of Mecca, the mysterious object of the ruse-trick which he had so cleverly secreted and hidden from all but the eyes of the suspicious Dawson. Good old Dawson! If it hadn't been for Dawson von Hengel would have gotten clean away with no one the wiser as to his momentous mission. But now his game was discovered, and unless von Hengel got wind of Jessup's visit to the British authorities he would be in ignorance of the danger he ran in coming to Cairo.

Constance curiously noted the sudden change in his manner and followed him down the terrace to where the dragoman was awaiting them. The dragoman was a tall person, who wore a frock coat and a turban, and led them with many bowings and scrapings to an arched draw by a pair of white horses.

But Constance Masterson was not for stumping in the elegance of white Arab steeds with jingling silver chains, and much to the apparent disgust of Mustapha, who must lose a few, diminished the driver and signified her intention to go alone. And so they started off around the railing of the balcony of the hotel, the last of the Continental Hotel and the Opera House, and in a few moments plunged into the mysterious shadows of the Musky.

It was here that they were immediately aware of some unusual proceedings, for as they walked on into the darkness, the street being dimly lighted by the flares from the shops, they found the way suddenly blocked with people, they found their progress difficult. But Mustapha, their dragoman, proved to be resourceful, and after warning them not to resent the remarks of individuals in the crowd, he managed to get them through to a stall, the proprietor of which he knew, where for a moment the two were permitted to stand upon chairs placed in the doorway.

There was something barbaric in the hoarse voices, something fantastic in the play of the yellow faces across the moving faces, glinting in turban and turban and picking out of the dim shadows above the shapes of the meshrebis, oriel, in which here and there beyond half-opened grilles could be seen dark, eager eyes peering down—everywhere mystery and question of things quaint or sordid or tragic. To eyes used not so long ago to the gray of London, the contrast was almost overpowering, and Constance Masterson clung to Alan Jessup's arm as though that only were real.

CHAPTER VI. An Arabian Night.

JESSUP left the Governor in a very agitated state of mind. If the defeat of his German guest had broken in upon the even tenor of his day, the discovery of the nature of his mission in the East had aroused the American to a pitch of interest beyond the range of his previous experience. He had begun this

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They followed out into the Sharra el
an Gafar, in another crowd, a thinner
one, across it, into another small street
where they seemed to lose him.
Assup, meanwhile, intent upon his pur-
pose of keeping Constance safe while

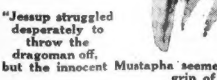
Before Jessup could get his back to the wall his own dragoman, Mustapha, who now seemed to be acting under the commands of the slender man, caught him

"his feet. And these others—"
 "They, too. And now will you explain?
 Otherwise we will have to go on to the
 Governorat."
 "Northby"— Jessup grinned sheep-
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send. If you're from the Governorat,
 ou'd better help me to get it."
 The man, as though coming to a sudden
 resolution, caught Jessup by the arm.
 "I'm Daoud, of the Intelligence Depart-
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"Yes. A disguise for you—some stain upon the face and we may enter the mosque before the ceremonies are over.

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To Be Continued Next Sunday.



suddenly to have developed a

"Yes, I'm sure of it. Under his mantle, 'tis the thing Northby Pasha wants, my friend. If you're from the Governorat, you'd better help me to get it."

"We can waste no time. We must enter the Mosque."

"Yes, but how?"

"I'm arranging that. This man, Ali Afzal, was once moped down the street of the mosque. He is under some deep obligations to the Pasha. To-night he is about to pay them."

"He will help us?"

king for the headdress that Jessup had described. It was with mingled feelings that Constance saw them depart, but a look of command from Daoud and one of warning from Alan, and she obeyed. For a moment her thoughts followed them as their eyes sought among the throng the face of Hengel, but in a moment she found herself watching with absorbed interest the proceedings in the centre of the great hall, toward which all eyes seemed to be turned.

In and Out Cloaks

By Lady Duff-Gordon



A Flower-Like Wrap
That Seems to
Exude the Fragrance
of June on a
December Night.



An All-in-One Cloak of Ginger
Colored Velour Trimmed
with Molekin.



The Silhouette of the Ginger Colored Wrap,
Showing the Curious, Cape-Like Sleeves.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

THIS is a time in the procession of the twelve months when wraps particularly engage the attention of women. Wraps to wear indoors, wraps to wear outdoors, wraps of different colors, wraps of different materials, light weight wraps, heavy ones—all demand her attention.

On this page I show you what might be termed antipodean wraps. One is suitable for enwrapping the debutante, who steps from her car, walks on a strip of bright colored carpet, beneath a shattering awning, and into the warm, scented rooms to a dance or dinner. The other is an all-enveloping wrap, adapted to any occasion when warmth is needed, but especially designed for comfort.

The first is of flower-like beauty. The second has the sturdy quality of the pine—strength, durability, the beauty that inheres in substantial character.

Two views are also shown of an all-in-one wrap. Of wool velour, it is of the color of fresh ginger, that warm brown that for its luxurious warmth is enjoying special popularity this Winter. Cut to resemble a wide, full cape, it has convenient, full sleeves. The straight, wide collar and cuffs and skirt border of the cape are of brown mole. The cap is made of cloth and fur. The ornament on the cap is of peacock and silver.

These and other exhibits of present taste indicate a marked inclination toward cape effects. The season shows fewer straight line wraps and more draped and cape-like ones than I have seen for a score of years. For the most part the wraps are big and warm looking. The wearer's form looks as though it were enveloped in cold-banishing folds upon folds. The scantiness apparent in the making of gowns does not reveal itself in wraps. Fur is conspicuous on cloaks. It is seen in borders, in belts or half belts, in wide, straight collars and cuffs. The disposition to widen the collar line on gowns has a correspondence in coats and capes. The season is one of combinations of cloth and fur, rather than of velvet. Expense is one reason for this, doubtless, for velvets reached a soaring price at the beginning of the Autumn. But it can be accounted for also on the basis of occasional shifting of taste to the substantial.

1000

PISO'S

*for Coughs
& Colds*



Coughs Yield to PISO'S

Coughing is Nature's way of flashing a warning signal of graver impending danger. Neglected coughs often develop serious complications. There's no need to let a cough persist and annoy you and others. Relieve coughs promptly with the old, tried and tested preparation that you always have known—Piso's.

For more than half a century—54 years—Piso's has been a standard and dependable preparation in a great majority of American homes. Women who are grandmothers today were given Piso's when they were children. Today's mothers knew Piso's as an effective relief when they were young. The third generation is learning to depend on Piso's as their mothers, and grandmothers learned before them.

Piso's relieves coughs from almost any cause; it is useful in bronchitis. The soothing effect of

Piso's on inflamed and irritated throats, its usefulness in cases of hoarseness and the fact that it stops throat tickling make it a real necessity in the medicine cabinet of every home.

Piso's is especially effective when taken or given just before retiring. It eases the throat and helps assure a night of rest unbroken by coughing.

Get a bottle of Piso's today and have it always handy in the house. All druggists sell it—30c. a bottle.

**PISO'S Contains no Opiate
Safe for Young and Old**

